

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The *Philosophical Rambler*; or, the Observations and Adventures of a Pedestrian Tourist through France and Italy. 8vo. pp. 447. London, 1834. Simpkin and Marshall.

PHILOSOPHY and rambling seem to assort rather quaintly together, though *peripateticism* and the most sublime of ancient doctrines were certainly conjoined. On this score we reconciled ourselves to the title; and read on, guessing from the contents who our rambling philosopher could be, with knapsack on back, foot-ing it all the way through the grand tour, enduring privations and inconveniences not altogether peculiar to pedestrian travellers on the continent,—facing dangers, and ultimately suffering sickness, in the acquisition of that sort of knowledge of men and countries which can only be acquired by such inquisitive and laborious steps. We speedily discovered that he belonged to the medical world, and, we are sorry to add, that our diagnosis was confirmed by sundry remarks offensive to good taste, though but too common to that intercourse where physic and physicians are concerned.\* The profession are so familiar with the frailties and unclean accidents of our nature, that they do not feel the same repugnance to speak of them which minds of greater refinement entertain: in short, as Lawyers are generally rogues, in consequence of having so much to do with the criminal and the vicious, so are Doctors generally nasty, in consequence of their continual mixture with the diseased and filthy. A Barrister is the Fleet, an Attorney Newgate, a Physician the Hospital, a Surgeon the Infirmary, and an Apothecary Cheltenham personified! They move about in human shape; but are in fact animated gaols, sick-wards, and spas.

But we still wanted to make out the individual, and at last came to a clue. Among the most interesting parts of the volume, and there are a good number of such, we found an account and description of a Fossil Forest near Rome, discovered by the author; and we remembered that our own *Gazette* had published a similar statement some time ago. We turned back; and from data, with which none but clever editors are acquainted, we immediately fixed the guilt of this anonymous volume on Dr. Weatherhead, the able and indefatigable originator and supporter of the now-celebrated Beulah Spa. We may be wrong; but that is seldom the case that we dare say we are right.

Come we then to the book. From Dieppe the author started, lounged in Paris, traversed portions of Provence and Languedoc, entered Italy by Nice, saw the principal cities in that country, examined their treasures of the fine arts with diligence and skill, and finally returned home full of memoranda and reflections, "suggested by the scenes and objects which presented themselves as he trudged along his solitary route." The narrative is at once lively and intelligent; and, even on beaten paths, we

often observe matters worthy of notice picked up, which have hitherto escaped the eyes of preceding tourists. Of this we shall endeavour to afford some illustration by our usual mode of extract. In Paris the author says of "*Manners and Mœurs*."

"Whatever they may have been in former days, the French, in my opinion, can no longer boast of any superiority in politeness of behaviour. One of the things that strikes an Englishman on his first arrival among his Gallic neighbours, is their coarse and boisterous manner of conversing. A stranger to their language and usages is certain they are quarrelling and about to fight, and is shocked and surprised when he learns that this is their usual tone of conversation. In a large company all speak together, and it is who to speak loudest; no one cares to listen; you see no respectful deference; while they interrupt one another without the least regard to the common received rules of ordinary politeness. This to me, who love to 'move all gently,' is particularly disagreeable; and it has often happened, that, after having attempted to hearken patiently to what each, in great good nature, had to communicate—for Johnny Crapeau, at bottom, has much pleasing amiability about him, although he has got such a noisy way of shewing it—I have been obliged more than once to retire with a distracting headache."

This sketch is but too correct. A series of revolutions have caused a great change in French, and particularly in Parisian, manners. The ancient politeness is gone, which, though obsequiously old-fashioned, was nevertheless amusing, and covered many imperfections. In its stead the temperament painted by the author has grown up, without straightforward manliness or blunt virtue to excuse its irksome and annoying character. The exchange is sadly for the worse; and we hasten from its site, Paris, to Lucca.

"If the traveller be curious to see a modern *descensus Averni*, let him visit the church of the Augustins. The hole you find here, leading down to the infernal regions, was opened on the following miraculous occasion. The church occupies the site of an old *corps du garde*, in a niche of which stood an image of the Virgin. Two soldiers playing at dice one day, one of them was very unlucky, and petitioned the image to change the fortune of the run: he played on, and yet lost; at which he got wroth, swore at the lady, blaming her as the cause of his unlucky stars, knocked his fist on the table, howled at the moon, tore his hair, turned his stool round, and went through the most approved evolutions of a gamester in bad luck; yet continued, notwithstanding these various incantations, still to lose. At length, wound up to frenzy, the impious wretch seized a stone, and flung it at the blessed image. The stone, says the legend, would have hit the figure of the infant Jesus in her arms, which the Virgin perceiving, she adroitly threw the child from one arm to the other, to avoid the blow. In commemoration of the miracle, the

infant still rests on the left arm of its mother, over which you read the following lines:

\* Proluat ut culpam dat virgo sanguinis undam,  
At cadit ignomas impius esse planum.

As a matter of just retribution, the earth opened under the feet of the sacrilegious miscreant, and he sunk down to where Pluto now amuses himself in making matches; and what is more, the hole still remains to attest the fact. It is of an oval form, crossed by two bars of iron. I took a peep down, through sheer itching curiosity; and began to fancy, as I snuffed, like a terrier at a rat-hole, that there verily was something sulphurous in the scent."

Before advancing so far on the journey, we think we should have quoted the author's pleasant mention of his sensations in proceeding:

"It had rained all the preceding day, and the roads were excessively dirty; yet I trudged through the mire, satisfied that every step I took to the south left the winter a yard behind me. The sun had risen sad and gloomy, shining dimly by times, like a sulky child that tries to smile with the tear-drops hanging to its eyelashes; now chasing the lighter mists before him as a ship does the rippling waves; now plunging into the thicker and denser; and as he dashed the surging clouds from his prow, I felt the spray fall on my face."

At another part of the road we have some equally natural observations:—

"Before mounting the steep, I withdrew to the road-side to rest myself, and to winnow refreshment and renewed strength from the breeze that blew from the sea. A delighted group of children were at play on a grass-plot in front; and my reflections took the direction of my feelings as I sat contemplating the scene of innocence before me. You are not wearied as I am, children! thought I,—not alone, and friendless, in a strange land! A home and bed await your coming—an endearing welcome, your appearance at the door; whereas I, at this moment, know not to-night where I am to lay my head. Young as you, I was as thoughtless; for forethought was then unnecessary, and anxiety a stranger to my breast. Ye happy hours of infancy, why cannot ye tarry in your course? Our regrets and chagrin last for years, our pleasures but for a day! In life's dawn the soul tastes the peace of angels, and every fostering parental care ministers to our happiness. If some little nothing deluges our eyes in tears, the next little nothing can

\* Of Santa Rossa, at Viterbo, a more recent miracle is recorded. As the late Pope Pius the Seventh passed through Viterbo, in his way to Erasce, a state prisoner, he paid a visit to this holy shrine, when, in the presence of a great multitude, who still live to bear witness to the fact, Santa Rossa stretched out her hand to his holiness: he took the diamond ring off his finger, and put it on that of the saint's; and as she drew it back to her breast, she was seen to weep tears of gratitude. Santa Rossa is no bad hand at the chisel and trowel. When the French entered Viterbo, during their devastating career over Europe, these profane conquerors caused her name over the principal gate of the town to be erased: next day the venerated letters were as legible as ever. To obliterate more effectually the inscription, they demolished that part of the wall, but all to no purpose; for by next morning an invisible hand had built the whole up again!"

\* See pages 19, 21, and one or two others.

render them as joyful. Do we pout, and feel unhappy?—a rattle dissipates the evanescent gloom. Have we stumbled, and hurt ourselves?—a mother's kiss quickly cures the smart. Do we seem wretched, disconsolate, and weep?—the least commiseration changes the tear to a smile,—the distance between which in infancy is but a step, and in after-life a long day's march."

The author's investigation of the cause of the malaria of Rome is curious and important. He ascribes it chiefly (p. 196) to the property of the soil, which is of a bluish colour, speckled with white spots perfectly calcined, and possesses a strong attraction for humidity. "Its line of distribution marks the limit of its operation, and this circumstance will explain how one side of a street should be notoriously unhealthy, and the other free of any noxious influence. The most heedless observer must frequently have witnessed how speedily the roads in the neighbourhood of Rome dry after even great torrents of rain. He mistakes much if he thinks this proceeds from evaporation; for the heat of the sun, even in the hottest summer months, could dissipate but little in so short a space of time. It is absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil; and he may convince himself of the fact, by remarking how permanently moist this is all the year round a few inches under the surface. Heat and moisture, we all know, vivify and disengage the fomites of disease; no wonder, then, that these, acting on the débris of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, buried for ages, and daily gaining fresh accumulations, should generate pestilential effluvia, and by contaminating the atmosphere of Rome during summer, produce fevers of so fatal a type." The unhealthiness of the Campagna is attributed to the same origin; and neither to the Pontine Marshes, forty miles distant, with the Alban Hills intervening as a barrier.

The sirocco, as it is called, which prevails at Naples, Messina, and Palermo, also attracted the author's attention; and, discarding other hypotheses, he says:

"From the fuming mouths and crevices of Vesuvius, and the pseudo-volcanic vicinity of the Pisciarelli, Solfatara, and Bain (*vaporifera Bais*), from Stromboli and Etna, there is constantly issuing mephitic vapours and gases, which, from their heated and rarefied state, naturally ascend, and mixing with the purer circumambient air, get diluted and dispersed by every casual wind. But let us suppose not an unusual occurrence to take place, namely, that this mephitic atmosphere shall suffer a sudden diminution of its elasticity through a change of temperature taking place high up in the air, while the aqueous vapour it holds dissolved becomes in consequence more condensed; and that at the same time there shall be no wind to disperse the gaseous exhalations as they continue to arise from below; the natural effect must be, for these dense vapours to descend, and for those which are being evolved to fall again, as soon as they have cooled down to an equilibrium of temperature with the surrounding atmosphere. The necessary consequence of all which must be, for this concentrated mass of mephitic vapour to lodge, by reason of its greater specific gravity, on the surface of the earth, and thus envelope within its range and influence every being that breathes. Added to this state of contamination are the fresh exhalations that continue to be emitted, thus saturating the more strongly with mephitism the already infected air."

"The exhalations given out all round Naples are extremely irritating to the lungs, aggra-

vating every pulmonic disease; and I am afraid the Italian saying, 'See Naples and die,' has often been too literally verified by many an English victim, led to a premature death by the pernicious and self-interested counsel of itinerant medical practitioners, the modern *Itinerarii*. According to Dr. Ruggiero, deaths from consumption form a fifth part of the bills of mortality in Naples. This impurity of the atmosphere is even sensible to the nostrils; for the air never has that sweet refreshing aroma which makes an English spring so grateful and fragrant."

We have not space to enter upon a new theory of volcanoes, promulgated by the author (pp. 257 to 265), nor even upon his remarkable geological speculations on the igneous origin of basalt (p. 345)—both will amply gratify the inquiring and scientific reader; and we will conclude our range through lesser topics. Among the inscriptions in the Hermitage on Vesuvius are the following fine specimens:—

" 11th Sept 1825.

" Mr. Cheeks on his ass with his two bow-wows."

" Thomas Ol—er has ass ended Mount Ve-suvius for the fourth time.

" Jan 2, 1826."

" Mr. and Mrs. Ol—h—m had the pleasure of passing this hermitage the 12th Oct. 1825, and made a pleasant breech-fest on the plateau."

Above Mr. Cheeks you read:—

" Itaque etiam nos inter coronata et cornuta capita splendeamus in *sacculum sacculorum*.

" H. A. MENGLICH, Lusanus."

Then followed a French one, where, in recording the visit of the party, 'toutes les divinités de la concorde et de la paix furent invocées, et qui furent très favorable.'

" And, lastly, came—

" Dr. Charles W. Ch—ne—y, Boston, U. S. Visited Vesuvius—went entirely round the crater—trod on burning sulphur—put the mountain in commotion—and returned to this place without difficulty or danger, Sept. 27, 1825."

In the way of humour we may also quote a Parisian touch or two:—

" As you walk along, you not unfrequently come to streets that were uncanonical during the blasphemous times of the Revolution, with the place where the word 'Saint' stood, effaced:—as Rue (blank) Dominique, &c. This circumstance at the time gave rise to several ludicrous mistakes. St. Barbe suffered a second martyrdom in this manner among the rest; and it often happened that, on inquiring for Rue Barbe (rhubarb), the person was directed to the nearest apothecary's. They tell another story of these times. A linen-draper, whose shop was quite the fashion of the day, happened unluckily to have the figure of the holy precursor for his sign, with the words 'au Saint Jean Baptiste' below. When the law passed for effacing the names and effigies of all saints exposed to public view, the man of muslin was obliged to take down the 'vox clamantis,' who had proclaimed his fame so long and so far; but as a substitute, he had painted on the same board the figure of a monkey wrapped in cambric, under which was written 'au Singe en Batiste,' and by this ingenious euphony he preserved the name in sound, though forced to change the personage of his well-known sign. Buonaparte himself, in the zenith of his glory and power, did not escape an occasional lash from wit's cat-o'-nine-tails, as the following epigram exemplifies:—

' Par une faveur sans égale  
L'empereur me serrant la main,  
Me disait, "Quelle chose aurez demain.  
Et le lendemain—*je suis la gale!*"'

Of the Franciscans in Italy the picture is revolting; but arrangement bids us reserve two columns for our next Number.

*A Treatise on Roads, &c.* By Sir Henry Parnell. 8vo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

In spite of this explicit title-page, we could not help still entertaining in our minds our first preconceived idea when we saw "Sir Henry Parnell on Roads" announced; and could not be persuaded that it was a *bona fide* practical treatise on the art of breaking stones and fashioning turnpikes. On the contrary, we thought of all other sorts of roads, such as the road to wealth, the road to power, the road to place, the road to popularity; and how, by the macadamisation of principles, changes of material, contracts, embankments, public drains and wastes, management, the use of the commons, and various other means, they might be firmly laid down and profitably walked over. But lo! we were altogether mistaken; for the book is a genuine road-making, and not book-making, book, and teaches the best methods of constructing real (not pronounced Hibernie rail) roads. As such, it is our duty to say a few words of its contents.

The consideration is one of far more vast commercial and political importance than may at first sight appear: the different condition and the different power of a country with, and a country without, a complete system of road communication is incalculable. One cannot compare them together. Of this, Sir H. Parnell, in his introduction, gives an able epitome; and, as far as has yet been practised in the way of improvement, his discussion is most satisfactory.

We do not observe, however, that the right hon. baronet advances beyond known limits to suggest any thing new; and yet we could have expected from his attention to the subject, from his experience in legislation, and from his favourable position for taking extended views of this or any other national question, that he would have proposed some improvements in the multitude of experimental and various processes which now exist. Were we Representative M. P., instead of Reviewer L. G., we think it would be easy to devise sundry very necessary and very obvious amendments on the present state of roads throughout the country. Look at them: under the control of a thousand conflicting trusts, not one district resembling another; here local influences, and there personal conveniences, notwithstanding the public benefit—jobbed, miserably defective, and replete with inconsistencies and blemishes throughout. Now W<sub>E</sub>, as aforesaid, would propose to reform and remedy all this miscellany of inefficiency and confusion. This is the age of government commissions; and a very inexpensive appointment in England might perform as much good service in this respect as is done by a distinct and prominent branch of the administration in France. Let the bridges and roads of the whole country be placed under its direction; and let its charge be the establishment and the keeping in proper order of every track, from the Land's End to John o'Groat's House. It would naturally occur, that the most approved methods of road-making, the fittest lines, and the cheapest means of forming and preserving in repair, consistent with the requisite perfection, would be adopted; and that the same rules would

be applied to all places. The saving of expense would be prodigious.

Then with regard to improvement. It seems utterly astonishing, considering our high state of civilisation, how slowly actual improvement proceeds in matters connected with the most common and daily wants of society! Generation after generation jogs on in the same hum-drum stupidity, enduring for ever their accustomed evils, and without taking a single step out of the beaten way to remove them. Thus the cottagers of Glenburnie kept their dunghills at their doors for centuries — many others do so still; and we hear of sundry children from time to time drowned off stepping-stones in a brook, where a plank with a hand-rail would have rendered accident impossible. But we need not quote examples; there is not a town or village in the kingdom which does not exhibit them in the grossest shapes of filth, ignorance, perpetual casualties, and doltish obstinacy.

Parliament has of late undertaken to legislate minutely enough upon carts and carriages. What with numbers, names at full length, addresses, limits of license, &c. &c. &c., there is nothing too particular for this; and it is, as far as it goes, a judicious identification of private speculations with general interests. Let us suppose that as much were done on the infinitely more important and national management of our roads. There should not be one out of repair; there should not be one without its regular mile-stones of the most explanatory description; there should not be one (however bye or humble) without its posts pointing to every near object desirable to be known; there should not be a bridge, a river, a hamlet, a town, or a street in England without its name obviously emblazoned; and where light was essential, light should be provided. To do this, a multitude of local acts should be repealed, and one wise universal system adopted. Again, we say there would be an immense saving of money in the cost of this system; and then, how infinitely more in other ways! How many of the accidents by which limbs and lives are continually lost would be avoided! How much of the time of travellers (and time is their wealth) would be saved! How many of the perplexities, and vexations, and blunders, of which thousands happen every day, would be averted! How many weary miles spared to worn and anxious wanderers! How many rural pleasures substituted for endless rural disappointments! In short, how much positive advantage and good, substituted for an extended mass of positive loss and evil, in every corner of these realms! Socially, economically, commercially, and politically, the matter is well worth the attention of the most patriotic and intellectually gifted legislator. Earnestly do we desire that Sir H. Parnell would consider it deserving of his consideration. There is no man living more competent to carry such a plan into full effect than one so assiduous in business, so well informed, so independent in politics, and deservedly holding so high a place in public opinion.

Of what avail is our progress in science, our increased excellence in the mechanical arts, or our diffusion of knowledge, if we do not apply them to purposes like these?

On the subject of paving, treated by the author, we think he has glanced at and nearly hit the true principle; but we do not feel at liberty to enter upon the question, and will only say, that no plan yet acted upon has been what it might be.

After the introduction, which is full of in-

structive information relative to roads, &c., ancient and modern, Sir Henry goes very ably into the details promised by his title-page; and at the end of the volume we find that the reader ought not only to be well acquainted with the general subject, but competent to make a road for himself, or see it properly made under his own eye. As nothing more could be required of such a treatise, we commit it to the public approval, in full confidence that it will be eminently useful, and, consequently, highly appreciated.

*Fifteen Lessons on the Analogy and Syntax of the English Language.* By William Hill, Huddersfield. London, 1833. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is certainly, *par excellence*, the age of reform. Governments and grammars, princes and philologists, the clauses of an act of parliament and the clauses of a sentence in composition, are alike subjected to a process of close scrutiny and unsparing correction.

Mr. Hill is evidently a radical reformer, in more than one sense of the expression. He is also evidently an original thinker. He attacks with considerable ability and success the "existing system" of English grammar; and points out the absurdities with which it is encumbered. In his Introduction, he contends that ninety-nine out of a hundred persons in this empire are destitute of competent grammatical knowledge; a deficiency which he attributes, not to the stubborn or complicated character of the English language, the construction of which, on the contrary, he observes, is eminently simple and obvious; but to the prolix and ambiguous nature of the numerous treatises on the subject, and to the slovenly and inefficient manner in which many teachers communicate the practical instruction contained in those treatises. Justly condemning the too frequent practice of making pupils commit portions of grammar to memory, as tasks, he maintains that the only proper way to the memory is through the understanding. "Assuming, therefore," proceeds Mr. Hill, "that the understanding is the proper vehicle of information, I shall, in the following lessons, consult the genius and formation of the English language, only, without any other [qu. why other?] unnecessary reference to other languages. And, as I address myself exclusively to the native English reader, I shall not weary his patience, nor distract his attention, by a multitude of rules, with their exceptions, on matters which are necessarily, by the force of habit, as familiar to him as to the most profound grammarian in existence. I shall, in fact, furnish him on this subject, with 'every thing that is necessary, but nothing superfluous.'"

With this laudable object, Mr. Hill reduces the parts of speech to five in number, viz. nouns, verbs, descriptives, connectives, and pronouns; and explains the uses to which they are separately subservient, and then the mode of fitting and joining them together. Connected with, and dove-tailed into one another, as his positions and arguments are, it is impracticable to quote any of them advantageously; but it is only justice to him to say, that in a few pages he gives a more clear and comprehensive view of the structure of the English language than can be found in some very elaborate works. He is most successful in shewing that English, unlike Latin nouns, have no cases; that the real pronouns are very limited in number; that a multitude of words which have hitherto gone under other names ought to be included

in the term "descriptive;" that the verb has but two modes, the infinitive and the finite; that there is no such thing as a participle in existence, &c. &c. It is probable that some of Mr. Hill's opinions, however grammatically correct, will not meet with general concurrence. He can hardly expect the mass of society to consent, in the teeth of long-established custom, to imitate the Friends, in the use of the second person singular, or to disperse "self" from the pronoun in the objective case to which it has hitherto been attached, and say, his self, their selves, and its self, instead of himself, themselves, and itself. Nevertheless, his reasoning in favour of these changes is full of cogency.

There are two sad blemishes in this little book. The one is the introduction of politics, with which such topics ought never to be polluted; the other is the acrimonious tone in which portions of it are written. For instance, after asserting that the term "descriptive" includes a number of words which have been hitherto called by other names, and observing that he shall be, of course, expected to assign some reason for so sweeping an allegation, Mr. Hill goes on thus:—"And in spite of the contempt and scorn which I see louring on the visages of all the D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, and other learned dunces, who have tugged and sweat, at the elucidation of this subject, until they have rendered it a worse than Cretan labyrinth. Maugre the fiery showers of wrath and indignation which may descend from their out-poured phials, for this 'wholesale robbery and spoliation' of technicalities—this deprivation of their pseudo-privilege, of mysticising at pleasure and without end. Braving all the fearful consequences that may attend this outrage on the *Sanctum-Sanctorum* of scholastic jargon, I am prepared to prove that all these diversified classes of words form but one class."\* Similar explosions occur in other parts of the volume. Now, really, all this coarse and offensive language, in a discussion on a philosophical subject, was quite uncalled for. Good grammar is valuable; but good temper and good feeling are much more so. In preparing the next edition of his book (the necessity for which the talent evinced in it must soon insure), Mr. Hill may, perhaps, *his self* see the wisdom and propriety of "moderating the rancour of his tongue."

*Forty Years' Residence in America; or the Doctrine of a Particular Providence exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn (the original Lawrie Todd).* Seedsman, New York. Written by Himself. With an Introduction by John Galt, Esq. London, 1834. James Fraser.

WE sounded the common trumpet of notice of the advent of the original Lawrie Todd; and have now only to do justice to his performance as he appears in *propria persona*. Our opinion may be ascertained as we go along; taking the biography as it "progresses." Grant Thorburn, as the preface relates, landed at New York forty years ago, with three cents in his pocket. He was uneducated; the son (born in 1773) of a poor nailer at Dalkeith, a tyro but expert nail-maker himself, got somehow mixed up with the seditions of Muir, Palmer, Skirving, &c., in 1792; and was glad to be off to America in 1794—travelling thither at his own small ex-

\* Can this be Mr. Hill's punctuation? To say nothing of minor errors, can he consider it proper, in a single sentence (for a single sentence the above is, the sense remaining suspended until the word "class,") to insert periods between the different members of that sentence?  
—Ed. L. G.

pense, rather than putting his country to the expense of a voyage elsewhere for him and her good. From being neglected in his infancy, his stature is dwarfish; but though thus physically depressed, and intellectually uncultivated, he seems to have possessed from nature a large portion of what is called "mother wit" in the land of his nativity; and this has supplied him on all occasions with the discretion, sense, and readiness which have raised him to comfortable circumstances and respectability.

His volume is far more entertaining at first than at last. Galt's *Lawrie Todd* is far more amusing and quite equal in characteristics to Mr. Thorburn's *Autobiography*. The author omitted all that might be too tedious: the individual has not. Yet it is a curious production; and will repay the reader's trouble and patience. We quote his account of his education:

" My education consisted in little more than learning to read the Bible, and write my own name. In ciphering, I never reached the rule of three; indeed, I ever thought that addition and multiplication were the only rules of any real use to a man in business—and I think so still; *subtraction* and *division*, I think, are worse than nothing."

His present position:

" My oldest son is a self-taught botanist, though he never learned a word of Latin; my second daughter is, perhaps, the best flower-drawer in America. In the line of our business, we receive from Paris, Amsterdam, and London, the works of the best artists of the day—compared with hers, they are found wanting. This is no vain boast. On the table in my store lie one hundred of her drawings, open to the inspection of all. Let any one produce a better if they can. Now this, her *natural taste*, I not only admire as a beautiful accomplishment, but it is a real dollar and cent concern. When a gentleman asks the price of a root laying on the counter, in appearance no better than a Wethersfield onion, we may say one dollar. He starts; we turn to the *natural drawing* of the flower in her book; he throws down his money with more pleasure than he ever did for a play-ticket. Now, who bestowed these gifts on this son and daughter? It is not possible to frame a better answer than is to be found in the second chapter of James:—' Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights.' So you see this great Babylon was not built by the might of *my hand*, nor the strength of *my arm*. Perhaps you will think the father's partiality paints his daughter's flowers in too fine colours. It is not so: she is an American; and in whatever art or science the Americans excel, they are *first—second to none*."

Thus getting warm in praise of America, Mr. Thorburn runs riot:

" Who first shewed to the astonished eyes of the Europeans how lightning could be drawn from the clouds? It was Franklin, the American. Where was the first boat successfully propelled by steam? It was on the waters of the Hudson, by the Americans. Who was it that first shewed to the world how a British frigate might be made to strike in *fifteen minutes*? It was Hull, an American."

In this there are as many mistakements as assertions; and no more!—He then tells us that—

" Even among the sober-sided, stiff-jointed, tight-breeched John Bull fraternity, when they happened to capture the American frigate Chesapeake, by the accidental blowing-up of the arm-chest, it was placed on the *Records of the House*

of Commons as a victory of as much magnitude as the capture of forty-five sail of the line from the French in Aboukir Bay, or the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar, or the destruction of the whole Spanish Armada; inasmuch as the officer who made this capture was voted a sword; the Tower guns, and all the guns within the sound of Bow Bells, were fired. This is a historical fact."

This is ludicrous; but we had better take care what we say in the shape of criticism, for Mr. T. is wroth with our fraternity. Of critics, and their notions of his biography, he declares "they may as well keep themselves easy; for, say what they will, they cannot make me angry. I hold them all as a set of insignificant, self-created blockheads; good for nothing, that I know of, but to tear the works of decent men, and decent women, in pieces." And he backs himself by a dictum of Tom Paine. "Says he," [i. e. Tom aforesaid,] "there is a set of men in the world so insignificant that neither God nor the devil will ever trouble his head about them." At the time, I thought this was a strange expression to come from the mouth of the author of 'Common Sense'; but I have sometimes thought since, that perhaps he had those book-critics in his eye when he made this profoundly wise speech."

Well, as the author cannot care for our opinion, we had better give our readers his own critique upon his production.

" As the manuscript has never met the correcting eye of a man of letters—and as I never learned letters myself, I fear the book will be a curious compound of digressions, fugitive pieces, with a considerable share of nonsense."

Exactly. And we have nothing else to say; only we will exhibit the better parts, for the sake of our severe friend, and our own.

A man landing in America forty years since, who could make 3320 nails in a day—"400 more than ever was heard of among the craft in Great Britain"—was almost sure to hit the right nail upon the head, even without the particular providences in which the worthy author seems to rely. In this respect his experiences are very queer and laughable. At one time he loses thirty dollars by stopping to talk to a man, unnecessarily, in the street; at another he is detained some minutes against his will (p. 130); and, the consequences in both turning out to his profit, he attributes to the special interposition of the Divinity his success from the opposite causes. This is sheer nonsense,—no human principle of action can be founded upon it; and though the sense of a superior and supervising Power is to be esteemed, it is a sad mistake to see it trifled into absurdities. But we avoid dogmatism for character. Mr. T.'s first shop is well described.

"When I began (he tells) to place our hundred and fifty dollars' worth of goods on the shelves, I found they would make a very poor appearance; and as I was just beginning to find out that appearances went a great way in this world, I procured a number of brick-bats and round sticks of wood: the wood I sawed in lengths, and covered it with ironmongers' paper, having one shaving-box or snuff-box attached to one end. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space, and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty-four boxes, just as the size may be; a brick-bat thus covered, having a knife and fork outside, looked as well on the shelf as two dozen real ones; so on with scissors, &c. &c., till the shelves were decently filled, and the

store made a respectable appearance. I procured a glass-case to stand on the counter, in which I kept four, six, or eight of a sort for retailing; and as they sold off, I procured half-a-dozen more by wholesale; so I had no occasion to discompose my brick-bats nor wood blocks. By mistake, I had tied a round shaving-box on a brick; a sly old Scotchman, who used to step in for a crack, observed it. 'Ay, man,' says he, 'but ye ha'e unco queer things here: wha ever saw a square shaving-box?' I let him into the secret; we had a good laugh. Says he, 'Ye're an auld-farrant chap; na doubt but ye'll do very well in this country.'

My brother got tired of attending store, and went off to Philadelphia. I was now in great trouble; we were beginning to make some pennies by the store, and did not like to give it up; neither did I like to give up my nail-making, for this was sure. So I resolved to push my courtship, calculating, that if I got married, I would have a shopkeeper of my own; but if not, to sell off and leave the city; for I could not live in New York and see her the wife of another; and in the mean time continued to keep both. For this end I arose at four o'clock A. M., and made nails till eight; opened store at eight; staid in till eight P. M.; shut up, and went to nail-making till twelve: thus getting scant four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded, and where my girl lived. She used to come to the window; I helped her in, where she staid sewing or knitting till midnight; I working and courting, thus killing two birds with one stone."

So evident a wooper was sure to succeed. He married (1797), as he shopped.

" Mrs. Lindsay, that mother of Israel in our church—wife of George Lindsay, long a respectable stone-cutter in this city, whom my wife had made her confidant, knowing we were engaged, proposed that we should get married at her house, as she said, to keep things quiet and prevent expense, knowing our stock was small. On the evening appointed, she invited Dr. Mason and his lady, two young women (distant relations, who lived in her house), Mrs. Sickles and her daughter (my intended), Mr. Lowndes and myself, to drink tea at eight o'clock P. M. As I always liked to save time, this arrangement exactly met my ideas; I stuck to my hammer till the usual hour of seven o'clock, joined the company at eight, drank tea, was married, and got home before ten o'clock. The room we lived in was six feet by twelve; our furniture was a bed and bedstead, one pine-table (value of fifty cents), three Windsor chairs, a soup-pot, tea-kettle, six cups and saucers, a griddle, frying-pan, and brander. It was enough—it was all we wanted; we were all the world to one another."

Out of this union, with all its conveniences, he had a son, and his wife died in 1800. In this place we have details of the yellow fever, of which we copy but two striking lines:

" Death and we shook hands so often in those times, that his bony fingers appeared as soft as a lady's glove."

In 1801, Mr. T. wanting a help-mate, took another wife; and as the nail business was cut up by modern improvements in cutting the article from the iron, he also took to the trade of a nursery and seedsman. His account of this change, like all the rest of the narrative, is exceedingly natural. Nevertheless, even prudence, conduct, and thrift, do not always prosper. In 1813 he was obliged to take the

\* Since my arrival in England (Nov. 1833) I find this fact doubted, and it may probably be so; but it was related at the time in America just as I have given it.

benefit of the insolvent act, and in 1815 to begin the world again. In describing this, there are some fine traits.

"For this end it was necessary, as a first step, that I should either go to jail or the limits. I preferred the former, as I could board for half the expense. So, in December 1813, I left my wife with one dollar and sixty-two cents, and four young children to support, without any certainty where the next dollar was to come from, in solitary house, the nearest neighbour being one-fourth of a mile distant, and on a stormy day. You may suppose my feelings at this moment were not of the most pleasant kind."

"I knew that He who hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board, would not suffer my children to starve. Well, having said the time appointed in jail, and gone through the forms by law prescribed, I came out whitewashed from all claims as far as the law could go; but I thought I was as much bound in *justice* as ever I was to pay my honest debts, should Providence put it in my power, by prospering my future exertions. He did prosper my future exertions, and I can now shew receipts for thousands of dollars which were by law cancelled."

"I have often found that the persons to whom I had shewn the most kindness, generally returned me evil for good. When Mr. Grundy arrived in America, he lodged first in my house, and continued under my roof several years, where he was always treated with kind attention; yet when I was surrounded with difficulties and trouble, he proved my most determined enemy. Again I had an opportunity of returning good for evil. When he got low, I gave him employment: the last shilling he received in the world was from my hand. The streets were glazed with ice: I urged him to go home before night; he stopped on the way with a friend; it was very dark; he fell backward, and was dead before morning."

"In the course of my life, I have experienced at times the depths of sorrow and the heights of delight; but just enough of the former to give a relish to the latter."

From this hour the industry and good principles of the writer had their more certain reward; and he has prospered greatly, and is esteemed wherever he is known: not the less, perhaps, on account of his eccentricities. In 1818 he visited Scotland; and appears to refresh his puritanical feelings, like Antaeus, by touching the soil. And soon after this, viz. at page 141, his book assumes more of the shape of book-making, and loses the raciness of its earlier statements: it is not so *genuine*. We shall, therefore, conclude with a few particulars of his intercourse with the notorious Tom Paine, whose bones Mr. Cobbett declared he brought to England.

"He said, 'The Fates had ordained he was not to die at that time.' Says I, 'Mr. Paine, I will tell you exactly what I think: you know you have written and spoke much against what we call the religion of the Bible; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priesthood and superstition; the God in whom you live, move, and have your being, has spared your life that you might give to the world a living comment on your own doctrines. You now shew to the world what human nature is when left to itself, to wander in its own counsels; here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupefied with brandy; you, who was once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Ha-

milton, are now deserted by every good man; and even respectable deists cross the streets to avoid you.' He said, 'He cared not a straw for the opinions of the world.' Says I, 'I envy not your feelings.' So we parted. In short, he was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effect of intertempore his countenance was bloated beyond description—he looked as if God had stamped his face with the mark of Cain. A few of his disciples, who stuck to him through good and through bad report,—to hide him from the gaze of men, had him conveyed to Greenwich, where they supplied him with brandy till he died. One evening, shortly after he gave me the history of his escape from the guillotine, I found him in company with a number of his disciples, as usual abusing the Bible for being the cause of every thing that is bad in the world. As soon as I got an opportunity to edge in word, says I, 'Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland, and other Roman Catholic countries, where the common people are not allowed to read the Bible; you have been in Scotland, where every man, woman, and child, has the Bible in their hands; now, if the Bible were so bad a book, who used it most would be the worst people. In Scotland the peasantry are intelligent, comfortable, sober, and industrious; in Ireland, they are ignorant, drunken, and live but little better than the brutes. In New York, the watch-house, bride-well, alms-house, penitentiary, and state-prison, are filled with Irish; but you won't find a Scotchman in these places.' This being an historical fact which he could not deny, and the clock having just struck ten, he took a candle from the table and walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself to draw our own conclusions."

There is immense simplicity in the following: "I will now, to give Mr. Paine his due, mention one good action he performed. The man who suffered death instead of Paine left a widow, with two young children, in poor circumstances. Paine brought them all with him to this country, supported them while he lived, and, it is said, left most of his property to them when he died. The widow and children lived in apartments up town by themselves; I saw them often, but never saw Paine in their company: he then boarded with Carver. I believe his conduct was disinterested and honourable to the widow. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was very far from being handsome. The friends of Mr. Paine, merely in attempting to contradict my statement, have lately asserted that this woman was not the widow of the man guillotined, and, from what I lately learned, I believe she was not. One thing I know, when he first brought her out, he and his friends passed her off as such; and it's a pity they should have taken from him the credit of the only good action he was ever thought to have performed."

"It is not true, as has been reported, that Mr. Paine recanted his freethinking principles on his death-bed. His physician—a man of good standing and respectability—inform'd me that in the same hour that Mr. Paine died, he was in the room. Mr. Paine's complaint was excruciating, and ever as the convulsions returned, he would exclaim—'Lord, help! Lord, help! Lord Jesus, help!' He had then a few minutes' respite from the pains. The doctor stood by his bed: says he, 'Mr. Paine, you have published to the world, and we all know your sentiments on that subject; I ask you now, as a man who will be in eternity before one hour, am I to understand you as really

calling on the Lord Jesus for help?' He thought for about one minute, and then replied—'I don't wish to believe on that man.' These were his last words, for in twenty minutes thereafter he died. It is a fact, that he applied (officially) to the Society of Friends to have his body buried in their ground, and when notified of their refusal, seemed much hurt—

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

We add but two pithy short quotations, not without their moral. Talking of himself and his success to Paine, Thorburn told him, not unlike Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant in a lower condition, and, we hope, better spirit:

"I went to church; put two cents in the plate; if the preacher was lively, I heard him—if he was sleepy, I slept also; at any rate, I saved my money, rested my body, rose on Monday morning refreshed for work: while others spent their money, fatigued their body, and on Monday rose with the headache, unable to work. Now, says I, you see it was by keeping the Lord's day that I came to be a seesman; and added, whatever religion might do for us in the next world, it was the most profitable concern a man could follow in this. He looked earnestly in my face, and said he believed I was right."

The last is a clench. — "I have heard the eloquent Dr. Mason assert from the pulpit, that there were more ways of breaking the heart of a woman besides breaking her head."

For the sake of civilised society we do hope that the eloquent Dr. Mason was right.

#### APOLOGY FOR BRITISH SCIENCE.

*Dr. Nolan's Bampton Lectures on the Analogy of Revelation and Science.*

(Conclusion.)

[Where the best interests of British, and we may say universal, science are concerned, we trust that nothing beyond the procedure of our remarks will be thought necessary, as they were only interrupted by the nature of our publication.]

It is no wonder that Dr. Nolan should have mistaken Mr. Greenough's meaning, when we find him putting so extraordinary a construction on a passage which he has quoted from Humboldt. That philosopher, he says, distinguishes three very striking phenomena in the globe, the first dawn of organic life, the appearance of fragmentary rocks, and the catastrophe that buried the monocotyledon vegetation,\* in which passage Dr. Nolan concludes that he bears his testimony to the truth of the Mosaic deluge.

Geologists need not be told, that by the catastrophe that buried the monocotyledon (monocotyledonous) vegetation, Humboldt alluded to the formation, not of diluvial gravel, but of slate coal; two epochs, geologically speaking, at least as remote one from the other as the Revolution of 1688 is, in an historical sense, from the Norman Conquest. What, then, should we think of the shallow pretender, who, whilst descanting with great pomp on the errors of Hume or Rapin, should confound the epoch of William the Third with that of William the Conqueror—or, to use a comparison more in Dr. Nolan's way, who should mistake the destruction of the Temple under Titus for that of Nebuchadnezzar?

No acquaintance with geology was requisite for avoiding this egregious blunder; for in the very next line Humboldt has explained the meaning of the foregoing sentence, by adding: "Ces phénomènes marquent l'époque des roches intermédiaires, et celle des roches bouillantes, premier chainon des roches secondaires."

Though, therefore, Humboldt admits (and

\* Pp. 99, 231.

what geologist will not?) that, "in judging of the age of the production of fossils, nothing gives an absolute measure of time," the preceding passage might have dispelled from Dr. Nolan's brain the illusion, that the *Essai Géognostique sur le Gisement des Roches*, lends any countenance to his views; for the recognition of several epochs in the formation of our planet is surely quite consistent with the expression of a doubt as to the exact duration of each.

Some persons look older, others younger, than they really are; therefore their appearance does not convey to us an absolute measure of the number of years that has rolled over their heads; yet we can generally venture to affirm of a grown-up person, that he has passed through the several epochs of infancy, childhood, and adolescence, and that he was not in leading-strings a week ago.

It is well, however, for Humboldt, that the Bampton lecturer is imperfectly read even in that one of his works to which his quotations are confined; for he would not have met with so honourable a mention in these discourses as he has done, if their author had caught a glimpse of the passage in which writers of the stamp of Dr. Nolan are designated as "those Hebrewizing geologists, whose efforts to connect the chronology of Moses with observations of natural phenomena cannot but be unavailing."

Let us, however, endeavour to ascertain, so far as the vagueness of our author's language admits, whether his theoretical views in science justify our applying to him the *sobriquet* of the Prussian traveller.

We will just quote, without attempting to elucidate, the passage in which he unfolds to us the process by which the creation of the world was brought about; and we give it entire, as being an admirable specimen of the manner in which our author contrives, by stating a few general propositions which he never applies, so to mystify the subject as, whilst affecting to clear up every difficulty, to leave not a single definite idea on the reader's mind.

"Of the secondary agency, which was employed from the beginning of time, I formerly intimated that electricity, in the most comprehensive sense, may be included. The intimate connexion between this great agent and our planet fully appears from the constitution of the earth, as the vast magazine in which it is reposed; and into which it endeavours to escape, when the balance is disturbed with which it is distributed through nature. In the same observation, and under the same term, magnetism may be included, as a branch of the same science, and its theory reducible to the same principles. The earth has, in fact, the nature of a magnet, and as such is capable of imparting its magnetic properties to metallic bodies. In electrical operation, chemical agency is likewise necessarily implied; the affinities of bodies depending upon their electrical states, and their decomposition being affected by its operation. The connexion which the subtle fluid, endued with powers and properties thus extensive, possesses with light and heat, is not less deserving of observation, as tending to identify the physical forces which might have been employed at the creation. By the agency peculiar to the branch of the science termed the hydroelectric, a light of unequalled intensity and brilliancy may be produced; and a heat may be excited that exceeds all which can be produced by any artificial process. In that branch which is contradistinguished as the thermoelectric, it appears that by heat alone the

electrical fluid may be evolved, as it is in the galvanic, by the force of chemical attraction. Currents of the former kind are excited by the solar rays acting on the extensive surface of the earth, and producing considerable variations of temperature in the atmosphere. These have an effect on the superficial strata, where the combined influence of heat, air, and water, are constantly exerted. The internal regions, likewise, give no less evidence of similar currents continually circulating through them; and the metalliferous veins prove that in them considerable electric forces are in constant operation. If physical causes are at all admitted to have conspired in the formation of the earth, the agency which operates thus extensively upon it cannot be supposed to have lain dormant at its creation. It is declared in the sacred record that it first existed in a fluid state; and its spheroidal form, as I formerly observed, brings confirmation from science in support of the assertion. If we may assume that the physical agency—of the operation of which throughout the domain of nature we have lately observed the extent—had any influence upon the earth, few difficulties occur in the account of its origin for which it is not calculated to offer a satisfactory solution. When it was first discovered that, by the application of the hydroelectric agency, bodies might be reduced to their elements, the experiment was made upon neutral salts in a state of solution. In the decomposition which ensued, the fluid was reduced to its first principles; where the oxygen was evolved, the acids were accumulated, and where the hydrogen was extricated, the bases, whether alkaline, metallic, or earthy, were deposited. Those who may dispute, that the saline solution on which the experiment was made was analogous to the fluid with which the globe was originally overspread, can entertain no doubt that the agency by which the decomposition was wrought is not more competent to produce such effects at the present day than it was at the creation. They will at least admit, that the deposits into which the compound was reduced, as earthy and metallic, form no inconsiderable portion of the matter which composes the superficial strata of our planet."

Having presented us with an explanation of the first steps in the process, he remarks, "that by supposing the same agency to have been in operation during the six days employed in its formation, every apparent difficulty disappears in the record of its creation."\* That is, we presume, that by the united agency of electricity, magnetism, chemical agency, light and heat, &c., the materials of the strata concreted into those forms, which, by us, "senseless dreamers" are mistaken for the remains of shell-fish, reptiles, fish, and quadrupeds. We conceive the old doctrine, that fossils were the productions of nature in a frolicsome mood, greatly more philosophical.

But so obscurely are our author's geological opinions enunciated, that it is possible we have, after all, assigned to the six days what he may have meant to attribute to the Mosaic deluge; for in Lecture VI., p. 229, he speaks of this latter catastrophe as "a great convulsion of nature, " by which the external layers of the earth were fractured, and afterwards deposited in a state of *solution*." Hence the organic remains which the strata contain are the exuviae of those animals which were destroyed by the flood, and deposited along with the earthy matter precipitated from the diluvial fluid. Did, then, the mammoth and the

mastodon, which we commonly refer to our period, the palæotherium and the anoplotherium, which we attribute to a second, and the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus, which we assign to another, vastly more remote than either—some adapted to a temperate, others to a tropical climate—dispute the sovereignty of the sea and land with the descendants of Adam?

Well may Dr. Nolan question the extended longevity assigned by Moses to the patriarchs, with such unpleasant neighbours about them; well may he regard the difficulty a *dignus vindice nodus*, one, indeed, of sufficient moment to excuse him for taking a greater liberty with the sacred text in respect to the word *year*, than geologists are privileged to do with that of *day*; thus cutting short their lives, "by one fell swoop," from eight to two hundred years;\* and well, too, may he suppose an amount of putrefaction to have been engendered at the deluge by such a destruction of heterogeneous animal life, as would wonderfully increase the nitrogen, and thus enable him to account for his curious discovery—that the atmosphere is less oxygenated than that which the antediluvians were in the habit of inspiring.†

But by what kind of "chemical attraction" did the distinct species of animals and vegetables collect together in that regular order which has given rise to those "putrid and senseless dreams"‡, in which geologists have indulged, as to their being the deposits of distinct eras? Why do not the ichthyosaurs, with their imbedded coprolites, lie jumbled with the mastodons? and why are not the "ruins of the monocotyledon vegetation" which constitute the coal strata, mixed up with both? These, and a few other trifling difficulties that present themselves in the course of this volume, will doubtless be explained in subsequent editions: but we must say a few words with regard to the doctrine of "progressive development" and of "successive creations," with which he taunts the geologists.

It is not true, then, that a single living geological writer in this country, or we believe on the continent, maintains the doctrine of progressive development in the sense in which Dr. Nolan understands it, namely, as the gradual production of more complicated forms of life out of the simpler ones, by a gradual transmutation of species. Still less will any man of science of the present day be found to maintain, that in the early stages of the earth, it was covered by marine plants and animals of a "rude and imperfect organisation," or, as our author elsewhere expresses it, in phraseology peculiarly his own, "that it was abandoned to creatures mishapen and unorganised."§

It is surprising, as he quotes Professor Lyell's work, that he is not aware that a considerable portion of the second volume is occupied in refuting a theory which affords the nearest approach to this, but which had been maintained, not by a *geological*, but by a *zoological* writer. It is but too true, however, that most men of science have felt themselves obliged, in order to escape from this conclusion, to suppose that the Deity has at various times created new animals, adapted to the altered condition of the earth in which they were to exist. There seems, indeed, no mode of avoiding this supposition, unless we would imagine that all extinct and all living species were called into existence together, when the world was first

\* *Emal Géog.* p. 19.

\* Page 113.

\* See page 192, et seq.  
† Page 131.

+ Page 407.  
§ Page 930.

created—a view of the subject too absurd even for the Bampton lecturer. He accordingly, by a singular confusion of thought, falls into the very heresy of which he has unjustly accused geologists. After contending that breeds of animals may, and do, spring up, owing to different species breeding together, &c., and that thus the number supposed to have been taken into the ark, and afterwards to have been distributed over the four quarters of the globe, may be reduced within much narrower limits than was supposed, he maintains that the existing species may even have descended from the antediluvial animals, which are now regarded as extinct! !\* It is well that such a position had not emanated from a man of science, or the cry of atheism would have been at once set up; since it is certain, that if the crocodile be allowed to have descended from the ichthyosaurus, or the sloth to be a stunted megaltherium, there is nothing to prevent our adopting the conclusions of Lamarck in their wildest extent, and imagining the present races of animals to have been produced by a long-continued series of tentative efforts from a few primeval types. It is amusing to see such a line of argument adopted by this strenuous opposer of the doctrine of progressive development—this bold defender of the faith against the machinations of science!

A few more trifling errors as to matters of fact must be briefly pointed out, and we have done. It is not true, then, that "the tertiary class of rocks is of such rare occurrence, and of such limited extent, as not to deserve notice;"† on the contrary, a glance at Bone's Map of Europe, for which he need not go farther than the second volume of Lyell's *Geology*, will convince our author that it is the most widely distributed of any; and we would further hint to him, that it is quite superfluous to except them, as his ingenuity would mould them to the purposes of his theory just as readily as the transition and secondary strata themselves. We were not a little astonished to see Dr. Nolan adopting the ideas of Voltaire; for it was he, if we mistake not, that first suggested the bold idea, that the sea-shells which are found on the tops of the highest mountains may have been brought there by pilgrims. Conchologists of the present age, in the *conceit of science*, may smile at this conjecture; but the Bampton lecturer rises far above minute distinctions of species, and will, no doubt, inform us likewise how it happens, that the shells on the top of Snowdon and Mount Perdu, for example, are so incorporated with the rock as to be found not on its surface only, but penetrating every part of it,—he will, perhaps, tell us, as in page 462, "that when ordinary causes are incompetent to effect a solution of the problem, it must be sought in extraordinary."

We are sorry also that he has been anticipated in the bold position, "that with the native fossil remains, on which the deductions of geologists respecting basin formations have been founded, the remains of the animals which the Romans collected for their scenic exhibitions, and the fish which they naturalised in salt and fresh-water lakes, have been inadvertently confounded."‡ The theory, if we mistake not, was first propounded, with regard to the bones found in caverns and gravel, by Mr. Rankin, in a quarto volume on the sports of the Romans and Mongols; but great geniuses often strike out the same thoughts; and our author has at

least the exclusive merit of extending the application of this principle to "basin formations," thus exposing "the turgid inanity of the bloated theories of tertiary beds," as well as of "fossil bones."§ We are, indeed, transported at the splendid visions of Roman grandeur which this suggestion brings before our eyes; for if a distant province, like Gaul or Britain, could have its Circensian games, in which palæotheria and mastodons were exhibited, or its naumachiae, in which plesiosauri and other extinct saurians contended for victory, how magnificent must have been the combats of imperial Rome! We would recommend one of these fictions as a fit subject for Mr. Delabèche's geological pencil, and advise Professor Buckland to set off post haste for Rome, and dig under the Colosseum for its yet concealed treasures. He could not fail to disinter what would put the contents of his Kirkdale cavern quite into the shade; and be rewarded by bones of mastodons, palæotheria, and all the other "old beasts," whose remains Cuvier has brought to light. These, we suppose, are the animals Dr. Nolan means to specify, or else what does he mean?

Physiologists, we fear, will start a difficulty in the way of his hypothesis, that the "marine monsters," the bones of which are found imbedded in the strata, may still be tenants of the lowest depths of the sea;† for the ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, &c. could no more live without air, than the crocodiles and alligators of the present day are capable of doing. Let them weigh well, however, the consequences of asserting this "zoological impossibility," when assured by so high an authority as the Bampton lecturer, that, "after the various theories, in the construction of which the fossil remains of 'marine monsters' have exercised the fancy of geologists, this hypothesis seems entitled to respect on the grounds of reason and analogy."‡ We fear that chemists will be so unaccommodating as not to admit, that the decomposition of the ocean would supply all the three constituents of the air, or, in other words, that hydrogen and nitrogen are one and the same, and that carbonic acid can be generated from water.§ His doctrine, that a temperature of 115° in the arctic regions implies one of 275° in the tropics, may probably also meet with some little opposition.|| We think they will doubt the solubility of all the strata in the diluvial fluid, even with the assistance of the additional water which he calls into existence at this emergency.¶ But we are much taken with the brilliant expedient he has resorted to for raising the amount of the oceanic fluid to the requisite point, by first decomposing the water, and then converting it back again into its original condition. We hope to be able shortly to raise the wind, by the application of the same principle, first turning our bank-notes into cash, and then reconverting the cash into bank-notes. We suppose at the time we were said to be *deluged* with a paper currency, Dr. Nolan's principle must have been called into too active an operation. We are only a little perplexed with respect to the expedient, by which, after having got his oxygen and hydrogen, he converts them into water again; for electricity would only assist

him provided the quantity of the two gases were sufficient to form a predominant portion of the whole atmosphere, in which case, indeed, there would have been a simultaneous explosion from pole to pole, rather startling to the tenants of the ark.\* We would explain this farther, if we did not regard it equally dangerous to descant on so inveterate an opponent of the Useful Knowledge Society,† about the *diffusion principle* which prevails in the atmosphere, as to talk to an Emperor of Austria about its *constitution*.

But enough of Dr. Nolan and his Sermons; and now, with all the seriousness that we can recover, on just taking leave of such a writer, and with all his unparalleled blunders and absurdities glaring fresh upon our recollection, we will conclude by entering our protest, once for all, against the line of argument adopted by that class of pseudo-geological writers:

"Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind;"—fit subjects for another Dunciad—of which the late Bampton lectures may be regarded as one of the most characteristic specimens. In what possible manner, we would anxiously inquire, do these sciolists expect to forward the interests of revealed truth, by thus striving to arrive at conclusions which have so natural a tendency to place the religious convictions of their readers in array against the evidence of physical phenomena? That any one individual, for example, should adopt that explanation of the latter which the Bampton lecturer has thought fit to propose from the University pulpit, as the only one which accords with the words of Scripture, we hold to be almost impossible; its vagueness and obscurity serving to render it unpalatable even to those readers who possess too slender a smattering of science to be conscious of its other defects. But it is conceivable that some minds may be so far worked upon by the authority, if not by the declamation, of a Bampton lecturer, as to rise from his work impressed with the necessity, if they accept the authority of Scripture at all, of adhering to the strict letter of the Mosaic writings with respect to the origin and revolutions of the globe. Should such an individual be entirely ignorant of the facts of geology, he may indeed be prevented from becoming acquainted with them by the fear of embracing opinions hostile to revelation; and in this case Dr. Nolan will have succeeded in detaching one recruit from that great Antichristian confederacy in which he imagines scientific men and scientific institutions to be so strenuously engaged.

So far, Dr. Nolan will say, all is well. But suppose his convert to be embued with some smattering of science, (and few in this inquiring age are altogether destitute of it,) will the arguments of the Bampton lecturer exert so potent a spell over his faculties as to lead him to abjure the evidence of his senses, and reject that interpretation of natural phenomena which Reason herself dictates, and which the whole tenour of observed facts concurs in establishing? Would they, if a hundred times more cogent, do more than produce a conflict between his religious and his scientific convictions, fatal probably to the stability of both? Would they not cause him to oscillate between faith and incredulity, in proportion as the moral evidence which supports the former gives way before the physical

\* P. 460.

† See page 99.

‡ The several steps by which he conceives this brought about appear to be as follow: Volcanoes crack the crust of the earth, the waters subside into its cavities, these come into contact with metals which decompose them, hydrogen is evolved, and rising to the surface, becomes mixed with the oxygen, which was at that time given off by the leaves of plants more abundantly than it is now, on account of the greater luxuriance of the vegetation.

† P. 310.

§ Ibid.

|| See page 457.

\* Copying the sublime language of Dr. Nolan, in page 246, we should say, "The pealing artillery, which then opened its fires, simultaneously evolved, would involve the earth in a catastrophe not inferior in its calamitous effects to that which overwhelmed the earth at the deluge."

† See preface, page vi.

\* See pp. 305 to 310.

† See page 243, and note on the same subject.

‡ P. 439.

proofs which impugn it, or as his perception of the latter is eclipsed by the greater vividness of his religious impressions? But we are putting the most favourable supposition—for, in the greater number of instances, it cannot be doubted on which side the balance would preponderate in the minds of those who are only allowed the alternative of rejecting the authority of Scripture altogether, or of adopting an interpretation of it so entirely at variance with the best-established facts. And if, from a distrust in their own judgments, they resolve to appeal to that of others who possess better means of information, the result will not be different; for singularly constituted must the mind of that man be, who can rise up from the inquiry without feeling staggered at the array of authorities which, though opposed to each other on so many points of science, coincide in opinion on this; and who can adhere to the dicta of those who contend for the literal interpretation of the passages referred to, when he sees, not laymen only, but even divines, provided they have taken the trouble of acquainting themselves with the facts, agreeing that they are irreconcileable with such a view; when he observes all, of whatever school, who possess any reputation as geologists, decidedly and to a man opposed to it; whilst only a few writers, who do not themselves profess any practical knowledge of the details of the science, are in its favour: who can doubt, in short, which way the balance inclines, when they find a Coneybeare, a Sedgwick, and a Buckland, on the one side; a Nolan, a Fairholme, and a Bugg, on the other?

*Retrospect of the Proceedings in the Prosecution Rex v. Woolcombe, at the suit of Vice-Admiral Sir E. Codrington, G.C.B. &c. with Remarks.* 8vo. pp. 46. Devonport, 1833. Byers.

We have read this pamphlet with much regret; for it is the exposition of a vindictive spirit, such as we must lament was ever exhibited by any officer in the British Navy, and the more when exhibited by one of its most distinguished leaders. It is not our province, in a literary journal, to enter upon the discussion of the original grounds of offence and quarrel: suffice it to observe, that the individual prosecuted is distinctly exonerated from all blame in these respects. And then we come to the issue. With wounded feelings, being publicly charged with falsehood, he demands an explanation. All explanation is refused. Thus further provoked, he challenges his accuser: seeking what is called that "satisfaction" which one gentleman is entitled by the usages of society (whatever religion, or morals, or common sense and justice, may say against it) to require of another who has injured him on a point for which there is no legal redress. Upon this we abstain from enlarging—in certain cases there may be much said on both sides. But what we unhesitatingly condemn is the prosecution of Mr. Woolcombe for provoking the hero of Naverne to commit a breach of the peace! and not only that, but the bringing up of the offender for judgment, and getting him mulcted in a hundred pounds, and imprisoned for a month. Has this latter step afforded more protection against a dangerous assailant?—No! Has it added a vindication of Sir E. Codrington's truth and honour?—No! Has it exalted one character and lowered the other?—No! Sir E. Codrington might have afforded to stand on his naval fame for courage, on his moral conduct for consistency—so that he could safely refuse to fight; but he has abandoned that noble vantage ground, and by attempting to

injure his adversary under the shield of the law, he has afforded him a triumph worth many hundred pounds and many months' incarceration.

*A General Biographical Dictionary.* By John Gorton, author of the "General Topographical Dictionary." 3 vols. 8vo. double columns. London, 1833. Whittaker.

THIS new edition of a laborious and valuable work is much improved by being brought down to the present time, by the original appendix being enlarged to the extent of nearly a half of one of these large volumes. Upon this portion of it we shall merely say, that where, with a knowledge of the subject, we have looked to ascertain if the information were correct, we have generally found it to be so, and moderately and simply given. This is all we could desire in such a work.

*Naval and Military Library of Entertainment.* The Naval Officer. 3 vols. London, 1833. Bentley for Colburn.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Naval Officer* is the advance of a series from the pens of distinguished officers, under the above title; and announced to be comprised in twenty volumes. As our critical opinions were published on the first appearance of this work, we have now only to speak of its very neat and very cheap form, both matters of strong recommendation in our literature-loving, but no less economy-loving times.

*Irish National Tales.* The same.

ON a plan exactly similar to the foregoing, but applied to popular authors on Ireland. The first three volumes are the "Nowlans" and "Peter of the Castle," by the O'Hara Family: too generally known to need another syllable of eulogy from us.

*Ovid's Fasti, with Notes.* By C. S. Stanford, A.M., T. C. Dublin. 12mo. pp. 179. Dublin, 1833. Curry, jun. and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THOUGH we have several good editions of Ovid's *Fasti*, we highly approve of this publication. The notes are copious, and ably illustrate a text which is full of so many classical and antiquarian allusions, that it is as refreshing to the mind of the scholar, as it is instructive to the student, to have them brought into view in a reasonable compass. Mr. Stanford has executed his task in a very creditable manner.

*The Romance of History. England.* By H. Neale. Vol. II. London, 1833. Bull and Churton.

POOR Neale! This new and posthumous edition of thy work is published in a very pleasant form. We hope it will recompense the bookseller, and diffuse more widely thy bounded reputation as an author. In life thy labours were scantily enough rewarded: after a melancholy author's death, though not one of the foremost order, it is possible that greater justice may be done to you.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. WILKINSON on ancient warlike engines. The time allotted for one of these illustrations is about an hour—the present topic embraced the space of 3000 years; consequently Mr. Wilkinson was only able to touch the surface of many of the interesting points in connexion with his

subject; still, it was an admirable discourse, and elicited warm approbation from a very numerous auditory. He began by observing that the conquest of this country by the Romans was wholly owing to their proficiency in arms. Of projectiles, the sling was the most ancient; it was mentioned in Scripture, by Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and other early writers; it was common in Greece, though the Grecian soldiers did not excel in its use. Alexander considered its employment a mark of reproach, and fit only for those to wield who had not weapons of a more refined order,—common only for right-handed soldiers, but below the practice of officers: yet a bullet, thrown with skill from one of these slings, was sufficient to pass through a three-inch deal board. The last time the sling was employed in European warfare was about 1550. One of these was exhibited; it was the same as that still used by boys in this country, though seldom seen in the metropolis. The next was the javelin; in the use of which the inhabitants of New Holland excelled above all others. The bow might be traced to the early times in history of almost all nations; it was mentioned in the book of Genesis, consequently it was employed 4000 years ago; the Greeks derived it from the Scythians, and it passed to other nations. The bow was chiefly made of wood, but frequently of horn, as was evident from the writings of the ancient poets; the present race of Laplanders used this instrument with greater skill than any other people. It was narrated of an English archer, that he equalled even Tell; for he could discharge an arrow to a considerable distance with so much precision, as to fix it between the expanded fingers of a man's hand. Other archers there were who could send an arrow a distance of 600 yards; the common distance was between 400 and 500. The Persian ambassador, when he was last in England, sent an arrow 400 yards into the air, in presence of the Toxophilite Society. Some of the Persian poets recorded exploits, however, which far outdid this: they told of an archer who sent his arrow 500 miles—it was discharged at sunrise, and did not fall till noon! Such assertions may probably have given rise to the phrase now so common in discrediting boasts, of "shooting with a long bow." The use of the bow was forbidden by Henry VIII. The powerful engine used for battering walls, was the next spoken of; and Mr. Wilkinson quoted very cleverly a variety of classical authors to shew the great use made of it by the ancients. Such an instrument, weighing about 42,000 lbs., and requiring 1000 men to work it, did no more execution than a cannon-ball of 36 lbs. shot point blank. The battering-ram was used in the fourteenth century; and Sir Christopher Wren demolished the walls of the old church of St. Paul's by its means, as he could find nothing better to answer his purpose. Other projectiles were enumerated, as mentioned by Tacitus, Vitruvius, &c., among the ancients, and by Camden and Hollinshead among ourselves; the very names of which are now happily (?) unknown to us. The lecturer then came to the invention of gunpowder, to which Schwartz, the monk, could have no claim; for, according to Mr. Wilkinson, it was no discovery of his. The detonating powers of nitre were very anciently known; and Roger Bacon probably gained his information from the Arabs, who were good chemists. Guns and pistols were introduced to England about the fifteenth century; but those with spring-locks were not invented till some time after, at Nuremberg. The aversion to fire-arms at first was exceedingly great, as it

was imagined they increased the ratio of destruction in warfare; at all events, it could not be denied that fire-arms gave a civilised, prodigious advantages over a barbarous nation; and probably, in the end, it would be found that he who increased the powers of destruction aided the cause of humanity. The lecturer concluded by mentioning three remarkable pieces of canon: viz. the Pocket-pistol of Queen Elizabeth, at Dover; the Mons Meg of Edinburgh Castle; and another at Rome, made from the nails which fixed the iron plates of the Parthenon. On the table was a great variety of warlike instruments from the armoury of the Tower, liberally lent by the Board of Ordnance; among them was a shield, entered in the catalogue of arms as belonging to one of the Edwards. The point in its centre was formed of a large pistol; there was a small grating, through which the party bearing it might take aim, and so act on the offensive as well as the defensive. There was also exhibited the veritable walking-stick of Harry the Vth. It is a terrible-looking instrument, six or seven feet in length, remarkably thick and heavy, and armed at the end with a cluster of angular iron knobs, and a spear-like point. Henry had this formidable weapon in his possession when he was taken to the Poultry Compter.

Mr. Aikin, the secretary, read a letter addressed by Mr. N. B. Ward to Mr. R. W. Solly, in which the former states that, nearly four years ago, he observed on the surface of some moist mould in a large bottle, loosely covered with a lid, in which he had buried the chrysalis of a sphinx, some minute specks of vegetation. A plant of *Poa annua* and one of *Aspidium* have made their appearance. Curious to observe the growth of plants in such a confined situation, he placed the bottle outside one of his windows, with northern aspect, where they remained for more than three years, during which time the lid was never removed; nor was any water given to them in that period. The plants grew very well; the *Poa annua* flowered the second year, but did not perfect any seeds; and the *Aspidium* produced four or five new fronds every year. They ultimately perished in consequence of the admission of rain, which rotted them. The experiment has been repeated on more than sixty species of ferns, and with uniform success. The bottom of a box being previously covered with broken pieces of brick, tile, &c., the ferns are planted in a compound of vegetable mould, sand, and *Sphagnum palustre*; they are then watered most copiously, and the superfluous water allowed to drain off for several hours, by means of a hole in the bottom of the box. A plug is then put in tight; the box covered with a glazed lid, and no farther care is required, than that of placing the box in the light. In this state, ferns will grow for years without any fresh water. A box placed on one of the Society's tables, and which attracted great attention, contained, among others, the following species: *Asplenium lanceolatum*, *Asplenium adiantum-nigrum*, *Adiantum pedatum*, *Adiantum pedulinum*, *Blechnum boreale*, *Gaethe fragilis*, &c., with four or five species of mosses growing in the same box, planted in the beginning of last May. Mr. Ward adds, that many other plants which delight in humid situations, and which he had previously attempted in vain to grow in town, succeed equally well under this plan of treatment; such as the double-flowered *Anemone nemorosa*, *Listera nudis avis*, &c.; and he feels well convinced that the deteriorating influence of town air depends more upon mechanical than upon chemical causes.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**

All the space of our Journal which is devoted to the Scientific and Literary Societies of the metropolis, would be insufficient to admit of justice being done to the many, graphic, eloquent, and highly interesting narrative of Lieut. Burnes. The expressed admiration of a numerous and enlightened auditory must have been gratifying to this adventurous young officer.]

MR. BARROW in the chair. Lieut. Burnes appeared before the Society to give an outline of his proceedings during his late and highly interesting travels into Central Asia. The map of these countries had been previously fixed on the board, and the route of the gallant traveller marked by a dark silken cord, which enabled us to follow Lieut. B. throughout. The line of his route led us along the banks of the Indus, from the sea to the Himalaya, from the far-famed Delhi and Lahore across the Punjab; through Peshawar and the kingdom of Cabul; over the mountains of Hindoo Coosh, or Indian Caucasus, to the city of Balkh; along the valley of the Oxus to the neighbourhood of Samarcand, and into the city of Bokhara. Thence through the countries of the wandering Toorkamauns, the great desert of Khorassan, and by Mushiel to the shores of the Caspian Sea at Astrabad; thence through Tehran, Ispahan, and Shiraz, to Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, where Lieut. B. embarked for Bombay. We were highly gratified with the clear and really eloquent manner in which the traveller described his many wanderings. Every city, river, and mountain, that he named, he pointed out as he passed; adding to the interest of his subject by traits of characters, and descriptions of his intercourse with the people. We were particularly struck with his account of the Vizier of Bokhara, and the happy manner in which it was told. Lieut. B. and his fellow-traveller, Dr. Gerard, were received and protected in that distant city by this good old man; he gave them in charge of two persons to conduct them across the desert; he presented them each with a dress, and told them to wear it on his account; and, when among their friends and families, to pray for him, as he was an old man and their well-wisher. The only request that he made was for a pair of spectacles, to enable him to read his Koran; and Lieut. B. observed, that he had been enabled to send these to him from Mushiel, and "he hoped he was now magnifying the Koran to his heart's content."

The manner in which he painted to the Society the fate of the late Mr. Moorcroft, was deeply interesting. He told us of his adventures, his dangers, his escapes, and his death; and of his own visit to the graves of that ill-fated traveller and his companions, Mr. Trebeck and Mr. Guthrie. He then spoke in very favourable terms of his own fellow-traveller, Dr. Gerard, whose health, we were sorry to hear, had suffered on the journey. Lieut. B. separated from him at Mushiel; the latter intending to return by the route of Feerat and Candahar to India, while Lieut. B. proceeded by Persia, as above mentioned.

Lieut. B. pointed out to the Society how much he, and he might add the Society, were indebted to Lord Wm. Bentinck, the governor-general of India, under whose sanction and auspices he had performed such a journey. He also informed the Society that in the earlier part of his undertaking he had been stimulated and encouraged by Sir John Malcolm, whose name would long be linked with the illustration of Asiatic geography; and concluded by bearing testimony to the correctness and accuracy of the accounts given by Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Fraser where he had crossed their routes.

Mr. Barrow expressed in a warm and feeling manner the thanks of the Society, and the great gratification which they had derived from Lieut. B.'s luminous and interesting account. He then intimated, as we understood him, a hope that the result of it would soon be given to the world, as it could not but be looked forward to with great anxiety. Lieut. B. replied, that he expected, at an early opportunity, to receive the sanction of the Court of Directors to publish; and expressed his thanks for the permission which had been granted by them to appear before the Geographical Society, and for their liberality in giving to the world geographical information that had been acquired at their expense. It is worthy of notice, that in the route which Lieut. B. followed, he retraced the steps of Alexander. He mentioned to the Society that he possessed various coins, Grecian and Bactrian, which he had collected in the course of his journey. He also noted some singular coincidences which he had observed between the ancient and modern geography.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

FRANCIS BAILY, Esq. in the chair. The reports of Sir J. Herschel, Professor Airy, and Captain Smyth, on Mr. Barlow's telescope, were read. Herschel reports on three points: 1st. Achromatism—the telescope is free from all dispersion of colour; 2d. Light—very efficient; 3d. Distinctness exceedingly good: power used was under 100 or 150. Airy bears testimony to the above achromatic quality; but as regards the definition of a star, it is not efficient: he adds, however, that a telescope as large as the present would be exceedingly useful. He subjoins the opinions of Sir D. Brewster, Mr. Hamilton, and other eminent astronomers, all of which coincide with his own. Captain Smyth goes into a minute detail of various observations on the stars made with the telescope. He, like Sir J. Herschel and Professor Airy, reports favourably on the achromatic excellence of the instrument. Turning it southward in a horizontal view it took in a range of 60 degrees—northward, a complete sweep was afforded. The great nebula in Orion was seen very distinctly; the best performance was with a power of 150 to 190. With the results as respects Venus, Saturn, Sirius, &c. we need not trouble our readers, as they are minute, and we have frequently a variety of observations on the same planet or star. Capt. Smyth turned the instrument to the sun, being assured that an exposure to its influence from five to ten minutes would do no harm: he found the surface of the sun free from the usual spots which discolour it. On the whole, he adds, that Mr. Barlow's telescope possesses strong claims to attention, although it is more adapted to stars than planets and the high class of nebulae.—Another paper, viz. an account of certain magnetic experiments made in the West Indies, was read. It was found that a case of needles sent to the West Indies in August 1831, being invariably sealed up after each experiment, were found to manifest very little alteration. A communication by Mr. Lubbock, on the theory of the moon, was also read. This paper, it appears, was called forth by M. Poisson's recent work on the same subject; and Mr. Lubbock states his reasons for still adhering to his own views, rather than to those of the French author.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

DEC. 4th.—Some extracts of a letter from Italy, written by Sir William Gell, were read by Mr.

Hamilton. Sir William gives an account of the recent discovery of the head of Raphael in his tomb in the Pantheon; by which is decided the question of the spuriousness of the cranium so long exhibited in the academy of St. Luke, as having belonged to that great artist. The remains are in good preservation, and have been deposited in a cedar case, to be placed in a sarcophagus of marble, presented for that purpose by the Pope. It is known that Raphael commenced a series of architectural designs, intended to represent a complete restoration of ancient Rome. These designs, Sir W. Gell writes, have been subjects of earnest inquiry at Rome, where a belief prevails that they are preserved somewhere in England. It was communicated to the meeting by Mr. Hamilton, that the Society possesses a document, presented to it by the late W. Roscoe, Esq., in which they are described as existing in the manuscript library at Holkham.

The secretary read a memoir "on the royal names and titles on the sarcophagus in the British Museum, formerly called the tomb of Alexander," by the Rev. G. Tomlinson. The hypothesis maintained by the late Dr. Edward Clarke, which assigns this splendid sarcophagus to Alexander the Great, has long been refuted; and it is now universally allowed, that its original tenant was one of the ancient Pharaohs. From an examination of the shields inscribed on the tomb, and on the other monuments remaining of him, published by the Society, Mr. Tomlinson has ascertained that Horus, or, more correctly, Hor, was the name of this king; and he has no hesitation in placing him among the Bubastic kings of the twenty-second dynasty, in which he stands as the immediate successor of Shishouk the First. His tomb, therefore, cannot be of a later date than about the middle of the tenth century before the Christian era. Mr. T. has satisfactorily cleared up several difficulties which hierologists have hitherto been obliged to leave unexplained, in relation to the legend of this king, in which he is styled, "the victorious of the land of Heb;" and to his pronomen, as it appears on the monument. By Heb, he supposes, with Rossellini, is meant the Greater Oasis. In the pronomen, as given by Rossellini, this prince is called son of Neith; instead of which, the present writer proposes to read "son of Pascht," the tutelary deity of the city of Bubastis, and of the Bubastic kings. The long hieroglyphical inscriptions with which the tomb is covered within and without, relate to the funeral rites of the Egyptians, in connexion with their peculiar notions respecting the transmigration of souls in the case of their kings. The readings concluded with a further portion of M. Schlegel's memoir on the origin of the Hindoos. The usual business of proposing and electing members, and announcing presents, followed. The books presented were numerous and valuable.

#### FINE ARTS. ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Tuesday evening, the 10th instant, the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, the president, presented the usual annual medals to the several students to whom they had been awarded.

The subject for historical painting was "Thetis consoling Achilles for the death of Patroclus." There were only two competitors, and the gold medal was not adjudged to either of them.

The subject for an historical group in sculpture was "Lencotheo giving the fillet to Ulysses." For this there were four competitors; Mr. Papworth was the successful one, and the gold medal was adjudged to him.

Mr. Paine obtained the gold medal for the best architectural design.

There were five candidates for the silver medal, to be given for the best copy in the school of painting; the subject "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by Vandyke. Mr. Slous carried off the prize; and also received the silver medal for the best drawing in the life academy, against five competitors.

Mr. Kendal received the silver medal for the best architectural drawing (a copy); and Mr. Wright another for the next best.

The candidates in the antique academy were numerous. The subjects were "the Apollo Belvidere," and "the Head of Ajax." Mr. Swayne obtained the silver medal for the best drawing; Mr. Lemon another for the next best; Mr. Wyon received the silver medal for the best model.

The President then addressed the students in his usual able manner. He especially recommended to their attention correctness of drawing, as the foundation of all excellence in art. Colouring, chiaro-oscuro, and execution, were qualities not to be neglected; but they were much less valuable than the intellectual qualities of invention, composition, design, character, and expression. Adverting to the various schools of art, he expressed his regret that in this country the love of the Venetian and Flemish schools seemed to have triumphed over that of the Florentine school. This was in a great measure to be attributed to the application of commercial principles to the pursuits of taste, and to the want of a patronage, similar to that which the old masters received from the church. Great praise was due to the Caracci, who had endeavoured to effect a combination of the qualities which distinguished the different great schools. Their success had been only partial; but he strongly advised the British students to pursue the same course, and to try to accomplish the important object which the Caracci had had in view. It was not to be concealed, however, that the times were very unpropitious to the progress of art in this country, and that it was greatly depressed. Better prospects, however, would, he hoped, soon open; for it was for the interest as well as for the dignity of the state, to afford the motives, as well as the means and opportunities for cultivating the higher departments of art.

The President's discourse, of which the above is a very brief abstract, was received with much applause by the students, as well as by a number of distinguished individuals present; among whom were the Bishop of Llandaff, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Farnborough, the Lord Chief-Judge of the King's Bench, the Vice Chancellor, Sir J. Macgregor, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Fuller, &c. & c.

WE understand that the elder and present students of the Royal Academy have resolved to associate themselves as a body, in order to become better acquainted, and to keep up an intercourse with one another, and with the other professors of the arts. We heartily wish success to this, as to all other plans for cherishing kind and friendly feelings in society.

#### QUEEN'S BAZAAR, OXFORD STREET.

Two interesting pictures, painted in the diorama style from drawings of his own, lent by Captain Ross for the purpose, have been re-

cently opened for exhibition at the Queen's Bazaar. One represents the interview of Captain Ross, his nephew, and the surgeon, with the natives in Felix Harbour, at ten o'clock in the morning (being the time of sunset in that part of the world), on the 9th of Jan. 1830. The other, Fury Bay in Prince Regent's Inlet, where Captain Ross and his brave crew constructed a hut, and remained for fifteen months. Both of them are executed with much spirit and ability, and convey a very forcible idea of the dismal appearance of those desolate regions, and of the hardships to which our intrepid countrymen were exposed, and under which it was so long apprehended that they had perished.

#### NEXT PUBLICATIONS.

*Twenty Illustrations to Turner's Annual Tour for 1834. Moon, Boys, and Graves.* WE opened this portfolio with the anticipation of high enjoyment, and we were not disappointed. Mr. Turner has thrown the usual magic of his pencil over scenes, many of which themselves possess great natural and created beauty. Among the most striking of these charming plates are,—the ancient and richly ornamented "Rouen Cathedral;" the city of "Rouen" itself, with its bridges and other picturesque structures, in three distinct views; "Honfleur," in which, as in other instances, Mr. Turner has completely mastered the great difficulty of persuading the spectator that he is gazing at objects at his feet much below him; the noble castle of "Tancarville;" "Quillebeuf," and the tumultuous waves by which it is assailed; the magnificent and finely-seated "Château de la Meilleraye;" "Lillebonne," and its deep and populous glen; the busy "Harbour of Havre," under a brilliant effect of sunlight, &c. & c. & c.

Steam-boats play an important part in some of these admirable drawings. Like many other objects, they are made much more agreeable in the representation than they are in reality. There are, in fact, few uglier monsters than these machines; but when they fall into the hands of such an artist as Mr. Turner, either by their perspective, or by the situation in which he places them, or by the form and direction which he gives to their volume of vapour, or by his either retaining it of a monotonous depth of hue, or gilding a portion of it by a sunbeam, as the demands of his composition suggest, or by some other ingenious and tasteful contrivance, he can divest this mechanical goblin of its horrors, and render it a valuable ingredient in the production of a rich and powerful effect. Such are the resources of art.

Messrs. Allen, Armitage, Brandard, Cousen, Higham, Jeavons, Miller, Wallis, and Willmore, are entitled to great praise for the masterly manner in which they have transferred Mr. Turner's drawings to steel.

*Fifty-six Engravings, illustrative of the Pleasures of Memory, and other Poems, by Samuel Rogers, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Co.*

WHOMEVER recollects the gratification — and who that enjoyed it does not recollect it? — which he received from the illustrations of Mr. Rogers's "Italy," will be delighted to hear that a similar treat awaits him in this collection. The united powers of Messrs. Stothard and Turner, admirably aided by the talents of Messrs. Finden, Goodall, Le Keux, Miller, and Watt, have produced a set of as exquisite little plates as the present times, distinguished as they are for excellence in this particular department of art, can boast. It is impossible by words to convey an idea of the grace and

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" — half pleased, and half afraid;"  
the Watteau group; the Shepherds; the Mother and Infant; Lady Jane Grey,

" Musing with Plato;"

Conjugal Love; the Family Party; the Separation of Sir Thomas More and his Daughter; the Children at the Well; the Fountain; the Vintage; St. Pierre and Jacqueline; Comedy; the Returning Sailor,

" Clasping the maid he singled from the world;"  
the Tear; St. Cecilia; the Nuptials; the Wish,

" — a cot beside the hill;"

a Dangerous Pass; the Young Mariners; the Palanquin; Cora, &c. &c. Nor did we ever see any productions by Mr. Turner fuller of the characteristic, the picturesque, and in some instances the sublime, than his Twilight; the Gypsies; the Boy's Farewell to Home,

" And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again;"

Greenwich; Lodore; St. Herbert's,

" Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite,  
Amused the fisher's solitary night;"

Tornaro,

" The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow;"

the Wake,

" Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen;"

Traitor's Gate; St. Anne's Hill; the Caravan,

" — in an instant lost—a hollow wave

Of burning sand their everlasting grave;"

Venice,

" With light reflected on the tremulous tide,

Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,

Answering the jest, the song, on every side;"

the Falls in Valombrè; the Garonne; St. Julianne; the old Oak; the Yارد,

" Whence many a navy, thunder-fraught;"

the Boy of Egremont; the Hunters in the Alps,

" Chasing the roebuck through the snow;"

Loch Lomond; the Departure of Columbus;

the Meteoric Spectres,

" Helms and shield, spear and gonfalon,

Streaming a baleful light that was not of the sun;"

the Discovery of America; the Landing of the

Cross; Cortes and Pizarro in the Convent of

La Rábida; and DATUR HORA QUIETI.

We must not omit to mention a sweet engraving by Mr. Engleheart, of a young Musician, after Parmegiano.

*William Holmes, Esq. late Treasurer of the Ordnance, &c.* Painted by John Moore; lithographed by Gauci. Colnaghi.

LOOKING at this print, we caught ourselves humming " You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;" and, in truth, there never could be a more staring likeness of our worthy whipper-in of a much higher hunt, though that pack of harriers has been dispersed, and the game is now pursued by Grey-hounds, and a mongrel breed of spaniels, setters, bull-dogs, turn-spits, and common curs. But with regard to the portrait, it is truly Mr. Holmes himself; good-looking, good-humoured, sagacious, and evidently knowing a great deal more than he will tell.

*Gage d'Amitié.* The Northern Tourist; containing Seventy-three Views of Lake and Mountain Scenery, &c. in Westmorland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland. Fishers and Jackson.

Our old friends, of whom we have so frequently spoken with the praise which was their due, collected into an attractive volume. We understand that there are editions of this work

with the descriptions translated into French and German.

*Lady Anstruther.* Engraved by Parker, from a Miniature by Rochard. Bull and Charlton. THE embellishment of the *Court Magazine* for the present month. Mr. Parker has been very successful in preserving the peculiarities of Mr. Rochard's style.

*East Window of Netley Abbey.* Drawn from nature, and engraved by Douglas Morison. Andrews and Co.

TASTEFULLY executed.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LATE MR. CALDECOTT'S LIBRARY. THE sale of this collection of books, so particularly rich in the productions of the early English poets, commenced at Messrs. Sotheby's on Monday last. From the peculiar situation in which the *old English book-market* is at the present moment placed, arising from the uncertainty, and yet probability, of the late Mr. Heber's extraordinary and most extensive literary treasures being brought to public sale, as also the recent death of the Rev. Mr. Rice, of Brighton, another great collector of old English literature, we fully expected the ardour of our collectors would have been considerably damped, and that the prices of curious books in general would have fallen much below those of former days. We have, however, experienced much gratification in observing that, with the exception of one or two articles, the books have produced such prices as in no way to warrant us in giving an opinion, that the days of collecting old books are passed; on the contrary, we fully hope to see young collectors daily springing up, not for the mere purpose of possessing or collecting, but with a view of cultivating a knowledge of the literary history, and an intimacy with the literary characters of their own and other countries, and also with the ambition of becoming men distinguished in the society of the literary world.

From among the more curious books we select the following, with the prices at which they were sold:—Armin's Nest of Ninnies, wanting the title, 1608, 4to. 9l.; Orpheus his Journey into Hell, by R. B. a poem, 1595, 4to. 5l. 2s. 6d.; The Extirpacion of Ignorancy, by Sir Paule Bushe, a poem, printed by Pynson, n.d. 4to. 9l. 15s.; Cutwoode's Caltha Poetarum, a poem, 1599, 8vo. 8l. 5s.; Gascoigne's Poesies, the Glasse of Government and the Steele Glas, 1575-6, 4to. in vell. 20l.; a folio volume of unpublished and autograph Poems, by George Daniel, fol. 22l.; Herrick's Hesperides, 8vo. 5l. 10s.; Hawes's Convercyon of Severeres, a poem, printed by Butler, n.d. 4to. 8l. 8s.; Lodge's Scillaes Metamorphosis, with poems, 1589, 4to. 8l.; The Castell of Pleasure, by Nevil, son of Lord Latimer, a poem, printed by Pepwell, 1508, 4to. 28l. 10s.; Ramutius's Navigations, &c., translated by Florio, 1580, 4to. 13l. 5s.

#### MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Musical Gem: a Souvenir for 1834.* Edited by N. Mori. 4to. pp. 95. London, 1834. Mori and Lavenu.

THE fifth volume of this Musical Annual, handsome in appearance, and appropriately and ably embellished. Lithograph portraits of H. Phillips, one of the finest of our native vocalists; of Caradori Allan, another songster, no less to be respected for personal character than

admired for musical talent; and of F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the eminent German composer and piano-forte player,—are good likenesses; and the brief memoirs which accompany them, modestly and judiciously written: that of Phillips is particularly interesting. We are thus prepossessed in favour of the volume before we turn to the poetry and music, on examining which, we find both equal, if not superior, to the preceding publications. The two duets composed by Mad. Malibran, and the duet by Chevalier Neuikomm, are charming productions; and of about a dozen or fourteen songs, &c. we may truly state, that simple, pretty, and pleasing, are the lowest terms we can apply to their merits. Ten instrumental pieces are of a still higher order. A set of Scotch quadrilles are more like dancing music than any we have heard played for a long while; and the galopade, from the *Tentation*, by J. Herz, is excellently arranged. Few grave, and no lively girls, we are sure, could resist either: to sit were impossible. Altogether, we cordially recommend the Gem; for in truth we could not, with all our ingenuity, mention a more agreeable *Memento Mori*.

*My Fatherland.* By Mrs. Alexander Kerr. Goulding and D'Almaire. PREVIOUSLY published, if we remember rightly, in this accomplished lady's volume of Melodies. It is a pretty and touching composition.

*Come where the Birds are singing.* By W. Fitzpatrick. Duff and Co.

ONE of the most beautiful of modern ballads, with sweet words, and perhaps sweeter music. We will quote the second verse.

" Come where the birds are singing,  
And the bees are storing their cells;  
Come where the flow'r's are swinging,  
Like censers, their perfum'd bells;  
Come where the nightingale singeth  
Her chime at the close of day;  
Come where the butterfly wingeth  
Her glittering noon-tide way;  
Together we'llrove through meadow and grove,  
And our souls shall be steep'd in music and love.  
And O, I will be all this world to thee,  
And thou and thy love shall be heaven to me!"

The accompaniment is exquisite; and we could hardly have fancied that any note upon our thick English syllable *eth* could have been so delicious.

*Portuguese March.* By E. Merriott. Falkner and Co.

A PRETTY and showy piece for our young friends about Christmas. Either Don Pedro or Don Miguel are welcome to play it.—*Foreign Quadrilles* (first Set): the same. Well arranged and pleasant. The fourth, we should think it hardly possible to execute fast enough for dancing to it.

*Give me the sweetest Flowers.* By Miss Ellen Blundell. Welsh.

AN exceedingly simple and beautiful song, as every one who has heard it from the charming lips of Miss Shirreff can testify. But it is really good in itself; and not merely made so by the sweet organ, the fine taste, and the melodious execution of our (and, what is still better, the public's) fair and deserving favourite.

#### DRAMA.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

THE Siamese Theatres have been in a state of quiet tranquillity since our last. Nobody has heard any thing about them; but it is asserted that they have been open, and acting on the stage absolutely witnessed by individuals, to

which they are ready to make oath. The newspapers insinuate that Preist was even a worse *Shylock* than he appeared to be; for that he paid the management a sum of money to be allowed his night's frolic. A man guilty of this could never play the Jew.

## ADELPHI.

ANOTHER tale of crime and horror, entitled *The Victim, or the Law in 1650*, was produced here last Monday, and, as is usual at this theatre, with success. Mr. and Mrs. Yates have two very good parts, which they support in their wonted style of excellence. Reeve has a very amusing one, as a lazy and drunken waiter, remarkable for his attachment to a tankard of ale and his tabby cat. In the praise of the former he sings a very droll parody on "Home, sweet home!" from which we present our readers with the following rich specimen of rhyme :—

"It's the best liquor of any  
That ever I seed yet;  
I don't like your small beer,  
Nor yet your intermediate."

O. Smith, as a smuggler, is the villain of the piece, and a scrupulous one too; for though he threatens Paul (Yates) with death, unless he produces ninety pounds the following morning, he refuses to accept the money when offered, when told that it was obtained by murder, being himself desirous, of course, of monopolising slaughter. A morris-dance in an illuminated barn was not by any means the least effective part of the performance. We have no doubt that the *Victim* will have a run.

## OLYMPIC.

ON Monday another novelty, close on the heels of an active succession, was produced here, under the name of *Fighting by Proxy*,—probably the best way of fighting, after all. The principals are Mr. Flinch (Liston), and Mr. Allsop (Keeley), who are reluctantly enough urged on to single combat by Capt. Clairmont (Howard), and Jack Minus (James Vining). Flinch and Allsop respectively bribe Minus to be their proxy; and he having a safe battle to sustain, makes each believe that he has killed his adversary. In the midst of their perplexity and fear, Capt. Clairmont carries off the fair prize of all their contentions, Sophia Stilton (Miss Fitzwalter). The burletta is an amusing trifle, and was better received during its progress than at its termination.

## VICTORIA.

ON Monday *The Village Phantom*, produced and acted once towards the close of the preceding week, was performed for the benefit of Miss E. Romer; and in despite of a bad wintry night, the house was respectably filled. This opera is another version of the *Sonnambulist*; and Aminta, the heroine, very charmingly sustained by Miss Romer. The music, indeed, was generally executed in a superior style; and Miss Horton, Mrs. Garrick, Morley, and Latham, deserve great praise for their exertions. After Captain Stevens, *Midas* was excellently done; and Miss Romer, in *Apollo*, obliged to sing "Pray Goody" three times, though she had been encor in several songs before. The audience were, however, so much delighted with her, that they shewed her no mercy. *Don Juan* concluded an evening of varied and much-applauded entertainment.

## VARIETIES.

*Dutch Literature*.—From the MSS. of Huygens, deposited in the University of Leyden,

Professor Uylenbroek has recently published the correspondence between Huygens, Leibnitz, and the Marquis de l'Hopital, with appendices and notes. It is represented to be of great interest to the history of science; and the government has liberally encouraged the publication, which is in two large quarto volumes.

*Captain Ross*.—The freedom of the City of London has been voted to Captain Ross, and a tribute of thanks to Commander Ross and the rest of his brave associates.

*How to furnish Newspaper Paragraphs: March of Intellect*.—During a dearth of news, we do not think we have seen a greater stride in improving the manufactory of paragraphs than that exhibited by Mr. Hill's imputation upon one of forty persons, of having been guilty of an act of treachery. In former times, when an editor was at a loss, he could scold an old woman to death at Waterford, and afterwards contradict the report; but this was only two paragraphs—ten or dozen beggarly lines. More recently, there was a tolerably fair expedient tried in London. Captain Ross (who might be smothered under the reports that have been printed about him as deep as under the Polar snows) first lost his papers in a cab, circumstantially, coming from the Admiralty, &c. &c. &c.: then the cabman read them to his fellow knights of the pole in Piccadilly; then he most honourably restored them: then he was handsomely rewarded: and last of all, there was a much-wanted puff general about the exceeding public spirit and honesty of cabmen. Well, let it be confessed that all this pretty fabric rested on pure invention; for *Capt. Ross never lost a single scrap of paper*, either per cab or any other way. But what is this to the ingenuity of the Dublin press, which, it would seem, is still toiling up Hill, and, like Sisyphus with his stone, are never likely to get to the end of their labours? There is the challenge; the denials called for; such denials as are given; lists of those that are not given; reasons why they should or should not be sent; opinions touching Mr. Hill's conduct; ideas as to the proper mode of refutation, &c. &c. &c. Already, about four hundred paragraphs have sprung out of this happy idea; and the public are exactly as wise as they were before. By and by, somebody may say, "I can prove there is a Goose in the House of Lords and an Ass in the House of Commons: let the members deny it if they dare!" Ten thousand newspaper insertions won't settle the question.

*Algiers*.—An exhibition of the produce and manufactures of Africa, opened at Algiers, is stated to be very popular. The ex-dey himself, the late chief wonder of the place, has, it is said, stolen off to Malta.

*Sporting Wit*.—The last No. of the *New Sporting Magazine*, in noticing its frontispiece of rabbit-shooting, tells us that at the warrenry of St. Stephen's the keepers and others lately worked all night to exterminate that breed of borough-mongers: the writer adds, however, "that some sad dirty vermin crept in in their places, who have kept the Warren in an uproar ever since."

*Consolation on a Death-bed*.—"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin Charles." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow; "I am engaged to his brother."—*Moments of Idleness*.

"Women are in one sense our superiors, in

another sense our inferiors—in no sense our equals."—*Ibid.*

"Matrimony is a balance of inconveniences."—*Ibid.*

Translation by Lord Nugent.

"To rende a cherishe loue aparte  
Alle efforte faylath:  
Itt sorely greuth the poore harte,  
And never preuyalthe."

Memorye, that fayne wolde bannishe itt,  
Still is pursyng,  
And the harde struggle to forgett  
Is the renewinge."

Keepsake.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A History of English Literature, by Mr. D'Israeli, may be expected. It has, we are aware, been the object of his studies for many years, as most of his works have already shown.

Professor Heeren's Manual of the History of Modern Europe and its Colonies.

Mr. Valpy announces in monthly vols. (uniform with the works of Byron, Scott, &c.) the publication of Hume and Smollett's History of England, with a Continuation from the accession of George III. to 1835, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, with Portraits of the Sovereigns, and Historical Illustrations, &c. &c.

Metrical Exercises upon Scripture Texts, and Miscellaneous Poems, by Miss H. R. King.

Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country, by Mr. Keightley; with Engravings from Brooke's designs.

The West-India Sketch-Book; and also Sketches of the Feathered Tribes of the British Isles and the surrounding Seas, by Mr. Mudie, assisted by eminent Naturalists, and illustrated with plates.

Colburn complains of our notice of "Byron," and as our only object is to do justice between author, publisher, and reader, even if it may approach us of error, we have no hesitation in inserting his remonstrance:—"You complain of its being dull and repulsive;—but it has only 325 pages, &c. in 12mo.; whereas it is a full-sized octavo, of upwards of 400 pages. Moreover, it is uniform with one edition of *Byron*; and it is as necessary that the purchasers of the Library edition of the works should have the Conversations to match, as for the buyers of the small edition. I am sure you will see the necessity in justice to me, of explaining the error in the next No."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Two Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Chillingham, Northumberland, Nov. 3, 1833, on the occasion of his resigning the Living, by John Sandford, B.A. 12mo. 2s. sewed.—Summer Flowers from the Garden of Wisdom, by Charles Feat, 18mo. 3s. 6d. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Crichton's Curious Opinions concerning the Physiology of the Blood-Vessel, Aberrations, &c. by R. Vines, Part 1, 8vo. 3s. ad.

Teacher's First Lessons on Natural Religion, by Charles Baker, 24mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Tombleson's Views of the Rhine, royal 12mo. 15s. roan; Proofs, 2s. —Forty Years' Residence in America; or, the Doctrine of a Particular Providence exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn (the original Lawrie Todd), written by Himself; with an Introduction by John Galt, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Lives, Characters, and Address to Posterity, by G. Burnett, edited by John Jebb, 2d edition, 12mo. 7s. bds.—The Acts relating to Real Property, by H. Stalman, 12mo. 6s. bds.—East-India Register for 1834, 12mo. 10s. sewed.—Townsend's Chronological Arrangement of the Old and New Testament, 8vo. 24s. cloth.—Sharp's Present Peerage, for 1834, cap. 8vo. 16s. cloth.—Barnardiston: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century, 3 vols. post 8vo. II. 11s. 6d. bds.—Olympia Monita; her Times, Life, and Writings, by the Author of "Selwyn," 12mo. 8s. cloth.—Gallandell's History of Jonah, plates, 18mo. 2s. 6d. 12mo. 1s. 6d. —Fame Goodall and his Friends, by the Author of "The Week," 18mo. 6s. 6d. —Zoroaster the Black Death: a Poem of the Sea, by the Author of "Naupactus," 8vo. 7s. bds. —The Cottager's Monthly Visitor for 1833, 12mo. 4s. bds.; 4s. 6d. hf. bds.—Treatise on the Practice of the Chancery Court, by J. S. Smith, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Bampton Lectures for 1833: "The Analogy of Revelation and Science established in a Series of Lectures," by F. Nolan, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, Vol. III. 2d edition, 8vo. 20s. bds.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* Our anxiety to conclude the "Apology for Science" against Dr. Nolan's imputations within two of our Nos., has obliged us to postpone a number of smaller articles; and our limits have been still farther cramped by our wish to do as much as possible for Advertisers, at a season so important to them. Still we are much in arrest, but will endeavour to find a speedy remedy.

R. K. is declined with thanks.

A. J. R. we cannot have the "happiness" of publishing. We shall be glad to visit Mr. Burford's Poole, when stuck up; but we are perfect Bears to all previous announcements.

ERRATUM.—In notice to Correspondents last week, line 10 from the bottom, insert "not" before "only."



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